

Early Recollections of Oregon  
Pioneer Life

by

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Eldest child of William Lysander Adams, and Frances Olivia Goodell Adams, his wife, born October 16th, 1845, in Henderson county, Illinois, - 9 miles west of the college town of Galesburg in a log house erected by the patrons of a school taught by my father the first year (1844) after his marriage. My very first recollection is of sitting in my mother's lap at table, in that house and being fed something white, on his knife by my father, which stung my tongue sharply, and brought tears to my eyes - not so much from the physical pain, as from the heart hurt that my idolized father could betray my implicit trust.

I was then not over a year old - as I could not yet walk nor, of course talk, though I understood what others said. Remembering this I have always as scrupulously considered the feelings of the youngest babe as I did those of any adult. Ten years later, in our Oregon City home father came in one day, carrying some whitey brown roots and called to mother, "Frances, I have some horseradish roots to plant in the garden!" Instantly that half forgotten scene of baby-hood returned, and I knew what I never before could recall, the name of the pungent stuff he had given his year old babe. "Horse radish!" I said nothing then but felt confirmed in the conviction, often doubted when told it, that I certainly did remember the occurrence. I can see even now, seventy nine years later, the red flannel dress and stockings I wore at the time.

Soon after, we moved to Galesburg, where we lived until March 1847, when we started on our long journey to Oregon, when I was 2½ years and my sister Helen nearly 3 months old. I remember that Galesburg house also, and this too, was proven when, visiting my Aunt Sarah Adams Phelps at Wataga, near Galesburg, in 1874. She took me to see the old house. After the lady then occupying it had showed us all through the place I said, "I can recall nothing here but this back porch, where, at 1½ years I climbed on all fours up these two steps from the yard, grasping a young chick I had caught in one hand and the old hen flew at me and clawed my forehead. Hearing my screams, mother ran out, drove her off, and made me release her chick. I remember this old pear tree by the steps, also." At which the lady said, "I guess you must remember it for this backporch and steps are the only part left of the original house. All the rest has been rebuilt." Father had planned to start for Oregon the year before, but his father, Grandfather Sebastian Adams died in 1847, so father delayed a year, hoping to induce his mother and brothers to go with him. Failing in this, he started in March 1846 with a train of forty wagons, mostly acquaintances and friends from Galesburg and adjacent smaller towns, who were members of his Church. A majority of these settled in Polk County, Oregon and named their village Monmouth for their Illinois home town.

Father's outfit consisted of a covered wagon, four oxen, a cow, our scant household goods, and a store of provisions, beans, rice, bacon, flour, sugar, coffee, tea, and salt. My first distinct recollection of our trip is of sleeping (for the first time) in a tent on the prairie at Council Bluffs and hearing the wind o-o-o-o, with a wild, eerie sound outside. All our wagons were drawn by cattle. There may have been a horseback rider or two in the train, but there were no horses hitched to a wagon. The journey was a series of long, slow day marches, smoky campfires at night, and monotonous meals cooked and eaten. We slept, the women and children at least, slept in the wagons. We always stopped and rested on Sundays. At first there was much singing and social converse evenings, but as the months wore on both cattle and people were so tired as to welcome early bed and rest. Mother walked over half the way to spare the faithful oxen, whose hoofs finally became worn down to the quick.

The Platte river was so deep and broad it could not be forded so the wagons were calked water tight and raised and lashed to the tops of the

Pioneer



standards and the cattle were swum over, the men swimming alongside, steadying the wagon beds and reassuring the frightened women and children, some of whom screamed and covered their faces when the water rose within a few inches of the edges of their improvised boats. Our train fortunately made the dangerous crossing without a single mishap. I remember well how father looked swimming alongside our wagon bed and how moveless we had to sit to maintain it's balance. The men had removed all their clothing save under shirts and drawers, which could quickly changed for dry ones.

After crossing the Platte, our journey was for a long distance uneventful. My keenest memory of it being a low valley where wild roses grew so tall as to almost meet over our heads; and were loaded with the lovely pink flowers, the fragrance of which lingers with me still. Ah, sweet wild rose, whenever I cull your bloom  
And with closed eyes, inhale your rich perfume,  
My more than fourscore years are backward rolled,  
And I again, once more, am three years old.

In the Willamette valley, our future home to be, wild roses grew to perfection profusely, and some transplanted bushes rioted about the windows of our rude log house, to our perennial delight.

As we neared the Rocky mountains, the road grew rougher, and one day our oxen, startled at something, "stampeded" and ran a long way, at top speed, toward a dangerous precipice. My baby sister Helen and I were in the wagon while mother and father were walking. Father kept beside the maddened beasts, beating them over their heads with his goad, and shouting "Whoa!" with no apparent effect, until finally they stopped short at the precipices very brink. Father afterward said he was during the whole wild race trying to decide which child to save, as he could snatch out only one, but could not, so it resulted in his choosing neither.

There were other thrilling scenes at river crossings, and, at one of an especially dangerous character, the emigrants were helped by friendly Indians who knew the deep holds and worst currents. In fact all the Indians we saw were friendly. Once some Sioux tried to buy our baby Helen, offering father many ponies for her, and were much disappointed at their utter failure to make a bargain.

There was good grass all the way and no cholera or other epidemic attacked us. So we fortunately missed these most terrible experiences that befell the emigrants of 1850-51-52 and 53.

Our cow, "Old Rose" then 14 years old gave us a continuous, and generous supply of the richest milk, so we fared better than those who had no cow.

Mother, being a botanist, and able to distinguish noxious plants from the in-noxious could occasionally gather a mess of fresh greens, for our delectation, as well as for the prevention of scurvy, superinduced by long exclusively salt diet.

All that long journey I amused myself by stringing some blue beads which mother had had the fore-thought to provide. They kept me absorbed for hours, as the beads were small, and my needly fine. Mother afterward said I never tired of this occupation, though often not able to thread more than one bead in fifteen minutes, owing to the jolting of the wagon. I clearly recall how I loved those blue beads. Arrived at last in the Cascade mountains, weary and worn; we found the road almost impassable from mud caused by the recent heavy warm rains incident to the Pacific coast climate.

Here Brindle, our third ox, mired and died, leaving us but one ox, "Old Bright" and our cow. The scene is clear before me now of poor old Brindle lying beside the mud hole from which he had been extracted, his big dark eyes rolled back, and his chest painfully heaving with his last feeble breaths.

A Mrs Shelley sat sympathizingly with us near, on a log, with her two little pink sunbonneted girls standing by her. The other wagons having halted until the road could be cleared and made fit to pass over.

There were slopes in those mountains so steep that several wagons had to be chained together to prevent their running down with dangerous speed.

On the worst and longest of these mountain sides, while the men were getting the wagons down mother took sister Helen then about 9 months old,



to the bottom (leaving me at the top) and set her in an open spot, far enough from the road, she thought, to be perfectly safe, and hastened back for me. On her way up she met about a dozen Indians on horseback. Terrified for her babe, she flew, caught my hand, and hastened back at her best speed. Nearing the bottom, she saw the Indians gathered on the very spot where she had left the child apparently trampling it. Breathless, she ran, to find them gathered in a circle around the baby protecting it till her return! Speechless, and well-nigh fainting, she motioned her thanks, and they nodded, smiled, and rode away. This same little Helen was, years later, to become the wife of John Wesley Johnson, a graduate of Yale college, and the first President (for 20 years) of the State University, at Eugene Oregon.

Now it would seem as though my parents would despair of ever reaching their destination; but not so. That is not the stuff of which these sturdy pioneers were made. My father hitched up our cow with the remaining ox, and she gallantly bore the yoke, and helped to haul us into the land of mighty forest trees, pure and abundant water, green grass, and genial climate.

At its gateway, at the foot of the last mountain, lived Philip Foster, a pioneer rancher, who generously shared his abundant crops, raised largely for this purpose, for a small price if able to pay;—free if any were left as was my father, with but ten cents to his name. (He lost that later, though, through a hole in his pocket.)

We reached this seeming paradise on the 1st day of October, 1846, and you can perhaps, faintly imagine how good green corn, new potatoes, and many other fresh vegetables, tasted to us, who, for six consecutive months, had lived on only dried and salt foods.

After a short rest, we pressed on to Oregon City at the Willamette Falls, twelve miles south of the site of the present city of Portland (then a "howling wilderness"). Here father had to borrow two dollars to pay for our ferriage across the Willamette river, on our way to Yamhill county (35 more miles) where he planned to make our new home. We reached there in October (1846) and stopped several weeks at the home of a man we had met; but the house was small and leaky, the fireplace smoked, and when Dr. James McBride, a doctor of medicine as well as an elder in the Christian (Campbellite) church, and one of nature's genuine noblemen invited us to spend the winter with them. We gladly accepted and moved over there. Dr. McBride and Mahala, his good wife then had ten children making twelve in their family, yet in their generous hospitality they freely took us (four more) into their log house of two moderately sized rooms and a loft. (Southern for garret or attic)

There was a double bed in each downstairs room. The seven girls, three of whom, Martha, Elvira, Lucinda, and Louisa were grown young ladies, slept in the loft and the younger "chaps" on the floor in the front room, by the fireplace. "Chaps" is Southern parlance for children, "kids" as we of this advanced day elegantly designate them. That winter father taught school in their back room which was provided with rude benches, and a primitive blackboard, and I, perched on a back seat, or the bed learned more than one would believe possible, listening to the recitations in Reading, Geography, Grammar, and even Arithmetic, which I always liked. The 6 McBrides, (the younger two being under school age) 7 Sheltons (Mrs Shelton and Mrs McBride were sisters living a mile apart) and 2 Woods boys, (Mrs. Woods being a sister of Dr McBride and living two miles away) made quite a school of themselves and there were five or six other children beside them.

Though they had had such meager advantages, and never had any too much to eat or wear, they were as a youthful community, the folliest, happiest, wittiest, brainiest, cleanest, minded young folks I have ever known.

My father was an A-1 instructor, and they, being worthy of his best efforts received them, and consequently they, made almost unprecedented progress. Out of that school came a governor of Oregon and Utah, (George L. Woods) a Representative to Congress (John R. McBride); a Supreme Justice of Oregon (Thomas A McBride the present (incumbent) now 76 years old, Dr. James McBride (now a retired millionaire physician of Pasadena Calif.) another Physician, Dr. Emily McBride Yeargain; an Oregon Senator to Congress (George W. McBride; two successful Physicians, Dr. James Shelton of Salem Oregon and Dr. Thomas Shelton of Eugene Oregon; and a State Supt. of schools. L. L. Rowland— a good showing from a country school of twenty two pupils, in a neighborhood woefully lacking in the commonest conveniences of



life in a wild country having then more Indians than whites! They had largely to use father's and mother's school books, and a half dozen pupils were forced to study their lessons from one book, but their hungry minds over leaped all obstacles, with as good results, I venture to say, as any Public School of today can or does produce.

My sister, brother Will and I were associated closely at school or in play with the McBrides, Woods and Sheltons as childrens and youths, and I can truly say I never heard an indecent word, much less saw a vulgar act from one of them. They were thoroughly, inherently clean-minded, honorable and reliable. Perfectly frank and out spoken, they thought originally and independently;--no youth of the present day more so;--never hesitating to say so when they differed from their elders; but always with the deference and respect due their elders.

They honored their parents not only because the Bible said they should; but because they were fortunate in having parents worthy to be honored. and they were unrebellingly subject to them until their majority was reached even then according their opinions the respect due superior age and experience.

In the Spring of 1849 a small frame school house was built in a more central spot than the McBride home, making the distance traveled to school by each pupil more equal; and as father went to the California gold mines, that same spring, mother taught the school, taking me with her; and leaving Helen than 1 1/2 years old, with Aunt Vina Shelton, with whom we now boarded.

Once, on a Saturday, in mother's absence, Mrs. Shelton was boiling soft soap on the kitchen stove (a luxury possessed by extremely few pioneer women) This soap is made by boiling lye and grease together in proper proportions to a jelly like consistency. Its tendency to boil over was checked by adding a little fresh lye a cup of which was kept at hand for the purpose. I saw my sister reach up to the table near the stove, the edge of which she could barely see over, and seizing the cup of lye, take a full swallow of it before I could reach her. Aunt Vina saw her too, and catching her up, laid her on her back across her lap, and poured sour clabbered milk, a pan of which providentially stood on the same table down her throat, repeatedly, till Helen threw it all up. She looked to be already dead, as she first lay on Aunt Vina's lap, but this prompt administering of a complete antidote saved her life, and she was trotting about, as usual, on mother's return. Pioneers then made all their own lye, in hoppers of "rived" (hand planed shingles 3 feet long, and 1 foot wide) shingles fastened into a rude frame about 4 feet square at the top, and "V" in shape, the lower edge of which rested in a trough, into which the lye from the constantly wetted oak ashes in the hopper ran into a receptacle under its spout. This soap is a very strong dirt eradicator, and will eat the hands, as well, unless a little vinegar is added to the water in which they are washed, after doing a washing. No commercial soap could be had in those days. Later in the 50's when Father procured a bar of Castile soap, Mother treasured it as if it were a gold ingot.

Everybody had wells dug by hand, or springs near which they built their homes, if so fortunate as to possess one. The McBrides had several near their house perennially supplied them and their stock with cold, clear, soft water.

Father returned from the mines late that fall and I can yet feel the wild glad leap of my adoring child heart, (I was four that October) when he appeared in sight around the hill, coming to meet us, as mother led me home from school and when he gathered us into his arms, it seemed there was not a wish on Earth left unsatisfied. No doubt mother felt the same, for is ever a woman's life was simply merged in a man, hers was in him. He brought enough gold dust to purchase the "Carey Place" just one mile south of, and adjoining Dr. McBride's 640 acre farm. There was a comparatively comfortable house on it, built of logs, and covered with "rived" shingles, (hand made) four feet long, one foot wide, 1/2 inch thick at one end, and shaved thin at the other, three rows of which, overlapped several inches, would cover one side of a house roof effectually.

This Carey house consisted of two fair-sized rooms, a small bedroom, and a front porch. Father later added another bedroom, and a large "lean-



to" used as a store-room and woodshed. There was a well in one corner of the kitchen which was 26 feet deep, and unfailing, being always ten or twelve feet deep in summer, and twenty in winter. It was lined with native stone, and was enclosed at the top by a strong curb, furnished with a windlass, to which was attached a rawhide rope at the other end of which was securely tied, an iron hooped oaken bucket. Mother though, then, not a large woman, was very hardy and strong, and she managed that windlass with seeming ease, drawing all the water she used for cooking, washing, scrubbing, and bathing. An occasional skunk, caught under the floor, made things temporarily unpleasant; otherwise we were as happy there as "the days were long." Father never would live long anywhere without a fireplace and one of his first jobs after we were settled was to build a generous sized one into our "fore-room." He had no training as a mason, but he was so keen an observer, so versatile, and such a born, as well as educated mathematician, that he so correctly applied its principles that our fireplace not only never smoked, but gave out the most heat consistent with a good daught, of any in that neighborhood.

Most pioneer women up to 1850 did all their cooking over the fireplaces built of native granite stones and having broad wide hearths on which coals could be raked out, and iron skillets or pots with iron lids set over them; in addition to the usual swinging cranes fixed into one side of the fireplace.

Our fireplace was so large that an oak log 2 1/2 feet through and 3 1/2" long, could be rolled into it, for a back log leaving room for an 8 or 10 inch forestick, and other smaller wood without its smoking when burning. Out hearth stones were so large and so carefully filled that no mortar was used in joining them.

There were five old oak trees in abundance on the hills and high flats; and ash and vine maple in the bottoms bordering the streams and all these, being hardwood made fine, smokeless coals.

Mother baked biscuits, bread loaves, and corn bread in her skillet-an iron one, 3 inches deep, having two-inch long iron legs, a long iron handle, and an iron bed. If she wished a quick brown for her biscuits or corn bread, she heaped coals on the lid, as well as underneath. She did this the first five years, cheerfully, and with good results, but great was her joy and relief when at last she could have a real cast iron cook stove once more.

The winter of 1850-51 brought more snow than usual. Once when mother was preparing to fry doughnuts, with the skillet of hot lard on the coals, my 9 months old brother, a child of unusual energy and activity, born March 12th 1850 crept upon the hearth, and pressing the skillet handly down with his right hand, poured the hot lard over his tiny fingers. Never can I forget his agonizing cries, until Dr. McBride, hastily summoned, dressed the burns in linseed oil coming daily for a week. Each finger had to be separately wrapped in the oiled bandages during which operation he cried distressingly, but rarely between times. There was no keeping him from racing about on his hands and knees; even out on the porch, into the snow, in spite of us, using his hurt handfreely. So it was three months in healing which it finally did, perfectly, but it left the tendons of his fingers so stiff for life that he could open that hand but half way. However, he could close it well, and it never seemed to interfere with anything he wished to do. He even reached an octave on the piano, when grown, and was so fond of music that he taught himself to read it, and could play many pieces, connectedly and fluently. He, like father, possessed such tireless energy, that his young men friends, who had been with him on hunting and fishing trips, said, "Never again for us! He can out walk us, and even tire out the led horses."

Our first winter in our own home, 1849-50, father spent the long evenings in making chairs, tables, and a broom, for none of these things could



yet be purchased nearer than Oregon City, 35 miles distant. The chair seats were made by weaving rawhide thongs, basket fashion, across and over the upper side rounds, and fastening them underneath. Bedsteads were also made in the same manner. My father's younger brother, Sebastian having arrived (1850) from Illinois was of great assistance in such work, being skilled in the use of carpenter's tools, a chest which he brought with him. Being of a jovial, social nature, full of quips and jokes he was speedily made welcome by the McBride young people, and was married to Martha, Dr. McBride's eldest daughter. He had already pre-empted the section of land adjoining us on the East, and built a comfortable (according to Pioneer standards) house on it, in which they lived some years in exceptional happiness, for he was a most devoted and admiring husband to the day of her death 30 years later.

Their children were four, Eunice Mahala, for her two grandmothers, Cousin Emma Williams, Lucy (died at ten years of age), John Quincy, (died in infancy) and Loring Knox, now an esteemed attorney in Portland Oregon.) But I must not fail to describe those remarkable pioneer brooms which were made by selecting, at the fullest sap flow, a willow limb from trees growing on the banks of "Panther creek" our mountain stream (in which fine trout abounded) of ordinary broom length, about an inch through at one end, and two inches at the other and with a strong sharp knife (father used his hunting knife) peeling thin, grasslike shavings downward for 12 or 14 inches until the whole stump was peeled away. Then the whole tough but elastic bunch was turned back downward, and tied down firmly several inches from the solid handle. It was round instead of flat like commercial brooms; and was a poor substitute for them; but it was a good bit better than none at all. The ingenuity and industry of the pioneers were put to the utmost test in those early days; and the fine way in which they met it ought to be a source of great pride, and the deepest gratitude of their children's children to remotest generations.

At first, we had only a shallow tin pan of melted tallow, with all but one end of an inch-wide strip of cotton or woolen cloth immersed in it, and the protruding end resting on the edge of the pan ignited, for light later, when candle-wicking could be had, mother made "clipped candles" by looping strands of wicking twice a candle's length over round sticks, and twisting the double wick ends together. She made a dozen of these sticks, each holding 7 or 8 wicks, and, dipping them into melted leaf tallow (hardest of all fats when cold) laid them across two parallel bars, with something under to catch the drippings, as fast as they dooled, she dipped them in and out quickly and laid them again across the bars (which were in a cool place). She repeated this process again and again until the candles were large enough to fit into a candle stick and stand erect. Still later, she was able to purchase a tin candle mold, in the possession of which she felt richer than any electric light owner can possibly be at the present day.

We had no commercial coffee or tea those first 3 years, and mother made a substitute for them out of parched dried peas, or wheat, ground in a little hand coffee mill she had brought from Illinois. She also had a chopping knife which she used all her married life until my marriage, (in 1863) when, at my request, she added it to my wedding outfit, after which it was in constant use during all my married life of 36 1/2 years.

Yet, after over sixty years of steady use in two families of strictly New England origin, in which "corned beef hash" was a favorite breakfast dish (in a State which produced the best Irish potatoes on earth) on whose tables "cold slaw" often appeared and mincemeat sufficient to supply mince pies from Christmas to April; was made every year; that chopping knife had a keen edge, though it had never yet been sharpened! The wooden handle, alone, was worn entirely away, from its steel shank. Steel was steel, in those days. That chopping knife blade was made thinner than those now made, yet over sixty years of constant use had not perceptibly worn off its first edge.



We had a fire shovel that father made out of a handle-less spade, by having a country blacksmith cut off three inches of the thickest part, and shaping and welding to it a wrought iron handle, which lasted us twenty years.

The hard oak wood made a bed of coals as lasting as the best cannell coal. These were always covered well with warm ashes, on retiring, ready for starting a fire the next morning. The Indians originally made fire by long rubbing together of two dry sticks, and I have seen father do this, just to prove to some doubter that it could be done, but usually, if we lost our fire, which was extremely seldom, he loaded his pistol or gun with powder only, and fired it into a heap of shavings on the hearth, to start a new fire. I remember once, his going horseback (without saddle or bridle, just a rope around the horse's neck) carrying mother's iron skillet and its iron lid, and bringing back live coals in it, galloping all the way back.

The poorest people of today would consider our pioneer life one of unbearable hardship; yet no people were ever happier or healthier than were we. We had our meetings, (church) with good, old-fashioned preaching, which were also social re-unions of warm hearted Christian brethren (this includes the women) who, after "meeting" as we always called it, (those living, near, the church, or schoolhouse) would invite those farther away, home to dinner, and sometimes over night. You would have thought the whole congregation were blood-related to each other by the affection shown by one and all., to each other. I recall some sermons describing a real brimstone hell so vividly that I, a four and five years old child, was afraid to go to sleep at night, in my "trundle bed" with my sister Helen, lest I die before morning, for I did not feel sure I was good enough to go to heaven. But the sermons were not all so alarming, nor the preachers so stern. They were all frequent guests at our home, and many were the theological arguments, and scriptural quotations which I heard from them and father, at our fireside. For instance, one subject, the pros and cons of which they discussed, (and they were men of brains as well as deep religious faith, and experience to whom it was an intellectual treat to listen) was that of slavery from a Bible view point. Some upholding it on Scriptural grounds. (Oregon was Democratic then) and to me, who always sympathized passionately with the "under dog" and who had already (at 7 years) read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with many tears) it was a joy to hear my father "walk all over" them and fairly demolish their "scriptural" grounds for slavery by hosts of unanswerable Bible quotations against any such slavery as existed in our times. I do not recall any quarrels resulting from these discussions. In fact he seemed usually to convince his opponents, that they might be in the wrong. One benevolent old lame preacher, (Rev. John E. Murphy) used to lay his hand kindly on my head, and say, "I hope this little girl loves the Lord Jesus." to which I made no audible reply but my heart responded, "I hope so too, I want to love Him, and I know I love you."

When our Indians took their summer jaunts into the mountains, they sought, and received permission to store their surplus goods in our attic for safe keeping, the chief charging us strictly to let no one have any of them without a written order from him. Of course he could not write, but he had many white friends, who would do it for him if need by. This was about 1854. My father's mother, grandmother Eunice Adams Goodell, (with her eldest son Oliver, his wife and three small children and her two youngest daughters, Elizabeth and Eunice had crossed the plains in 1852, and Uncle Oliver had pre-empted the 640 acres adjoining us on the west. Aunt Eunice was now married to John R. McBride, and Aunt Elizabeth also was married to Alexander Dunning, of New York. Grandmother and Aunt Lib (we called her) and Uncle Alex were still with us, preparatory to moving to their own home not yet ready for them). Father had ridden to La Fayette the county seat, six miles distant and Uncle Alex was plopping down in the field below our house. So that mother, Grandmother, Aunt Lib and mother's three children (Helen, Will and I aged 7, 5, and 2 years) were in the house alone, when an Indian rode up, dismounted and walked into the house, (Indians never knock or ring a doorbell). Mother was not sure she had ever seen him before; but he saluted, "Klā haium" (good morning) and said that the Chief had sent him for some of the things he had left with us. Mother asked him for his "paper" from the Chief. He replied that he was a cousin of the chief,



and did not need any "papey" Mother said, in Chinook of course, "The Chief ordered me to let no one have any of his 'icters', property, without an order from him. Show me his paper and I will give you the things, but not without it," The Indian then grew cross and said "Boston man always wawa (talk) papey papey! Siwash no need papey." "Hyack pottatch ictas!" ("Give me the things quick!") "No, I will not! Go back and get the chief's paper and I will pottatch mica copa ictas, (give you the things), pe wake pottatch, mica wake iscum, (but not unless you bring it!)" The Indian now began to bluster, and started toward the ladder leading up to the garret, but mother stepped in front of him saying sharply, "No you cannot go up there. You must "hyas clatawa" (go now quick!) Then she gave me a look I understood, and I slipped out at the back door and raced down in the field calling to Uncle Alex, "Mother wants you to come quick!" He outran me a little, but I got in in time to see him step up to the Indian, and, pointing to the open door, order him to go immediately. Uncle was a small man, and the Indian thinking to scare the "tenas" (little) man jerked out his bowie knife and raised it threateningly. Uncle Alex giving a swift cat-like spring backward, grabbed an axe leaning on the wall by the fireplace, and swinging it high in both hands, rushed for the Indian, who incontinently fled on the run, jumped on his pony, and galloped off. Grandma and Aunt Elizabeth were somewhat hysterical for a time but my plucky young mother and my brave little uncle remained calmly masters of the situation.

Father was very angry on hearing of our adventure, on his return, and said, "That fellow met me going to town, and knew I would not be at home, or he would never have dared to come here. He would better never show his face here again!" When the chief returned that autumn, and was told of the affair, he shook hands with mother as if she had been a man (Like Chinamen, Indians consider women inferior to men) and said she was a very brave "Klutchman" (woman) and done exactly right, that the man, though he really was his cousin, had no order from him, written or spoken, and was a "hyas me Satchee tillicum, very bad man, who meant to "capsuallah" (steal) the goods and go off to a "Syah illihee" (far off land) He commended Mother and Uncle Alex highly, and thanked them warmly; and tearfully congratulated himself on such faithful, courageous friends. He urged us to accept some of their dried venison and hazel nuts, but as we needed and wished no reward, and they had none too much for themselves we declined them. He, however, insisted on filling our small pinafores with nuts and dried berries, and always thereafter made us little gifts whenever he could.

Now we had our cousins, Uncle Oliver's eldest two girls, Alice and Emma to play with, and many a never-to-be-forgotten day of perfect happiness did we spend together. They, being a year younger than we, and timid, feared to walk the mile between our two homes, alone; but I feared nothing, and Helen dared to go wherever I went. So mother sometimes allowed us to go and spend the middle of a fine day with them. Particularly I recall so spending my seventh birthday. (Oct. 18th 1852) Mother packed a light roomy basket with cookies and apples, (their orchard was not yet bearing) and we joyfully set out, meeting a glad welcome on our arrival. At noon-time, Aunt Sophia added hot mashed potatoes, cream gravy, graham gems, butter and sweet milk, setting a little table under a large maple tree, near the creek bank on the woods side, for there was a lovely rustic bridge across Panther creek close beside their house. We children reveled in the treasures of those delightful wild woods, among which were wild dew berries, thimble berries, salmon and salal berries, and wild licorice, which grew on the bark of the maple trees, under the long, deep, moist moss. Two varieties of maple trees grew there, vine maples, the boles of which were never over six inches through and the tree maples whose trunks near the ground were often two and three feet in diameter, beautiful trees, whose leaves resemble those of the sycamores; but which are otherwise far more majestic, picturesque, and graceful. We were told never to taste any shrub or plant not well known to us, and, since, (as I have said before) we never did anything we were forbidden to do, we avoided being poisoned. There were many snakes few of which were venomous. Once, riding home from the meadow on a load of grain, I saw father kill a snake which he said was a rattler, but they must have been extremely scarce, as I never saw a second rattlesnake in all my life on the farm.



There was a nest of them in a high rocky point near McMinnville, but they were soon exterminated. That first year (1849-50) in our new home, beside doing her housework, mother helped father many hours--(Helen and I playing near) making garden: laying up rail fence; and doing part of the milking. Father had exchanged his wagon for some wild spanish cows, and we still had old Rose, who was a "host" in herself. There were two noble oaks in our barn yard, up which I often climbed like a squirrel. They bore fine large acorns (twice the size of those borne by the California live oaks.), our white oaks were desiduous, and not bad eating, when fully ripe. There were also acres of thickly set oak grubs, two to four feet high, which had to be grubbed out, roots and all, in order to clear the fertile alluvial soil for cultivation. Drove of hogs turned in on these grub lands aided much in eradicating deepest overlooked roots with their tough, predatory snouts. It is wonderful how quickly father and mother with not one cent of money, got a comfortable start, and a comfortable living. on that place. He earned money for his trip to the mines by teaching school the winter of '46 and mother earned more teaching in his absence. He brought home from the mines dust to pay for the place, and almost from the first year, thereafter my recollections are of abundant vegetables, crops of wheat, oats, and hay and plenty of milk and butter, six or seven cows, and a number of hogs.

A migratory tribe of Indians who had habitually camped winters in that neighborhood sought and obtained father's consent to camp on his land by our creek. They went into the coast range, between our ranch and the Pacific Ocean every summer, gathering and drying berries, and the meat of game, they killed, deer, elk, and bear being then plentiful they made us no trouble, being entirely amenable to my father's every wish and instructions. He had

already learned the chinook, a simple language created by the Hudson's Bay Co. as a means of communication between them and all the tribes of Oregon savages. For it was useless to try to learn the native languages, since every tribe spoke a different tongue. So it happened that Helen and I, that first winter in our own home had only little Indians to play with, our neighbors being too far off for such young children to walk. Unable to speak their jargon, and they having none of our "Boston" talk, we still had quite jolly times with them, learning their funny little games, and they ours. They were very gentle, amiable little Creatures, much like kittens in their frolics.

Father again taught the community school in the new school house, and took me with him daily permitting me to study and recite in a class with the other little folks. There was no law prescribing school age in that day, so though just past four years old, no one objected to my going. I missed a word in my spelling class that winter, the first word and the last I ever missed in school. It mortified me so that I cried for days, off and on.

The Indians especially Wyanshott, the Chief, were often at our house. One cold morning he came early, walking in where Helen and I were playing before the fire. Indians never knock, but glide in soundlessly as shadows, and taking up a clothes brush from the mantel shelf, proceeded to brush his long jet black locks. Indian's hair was worn touching their shoulders. Horrified, for we knew all Indians had "cooties" we rushed out to the corral (cowyard) where mother and father were milking, to tell them Wyanshott was brushing his hair with our clothes brush, which would need to be scalded. Mother said he did not know the difference between a hair and a clothes brush, so we must excuse him. He often ate meals with us, and came to be very fond of "Boston 'muck a muck'" (food) especially our tea and once he brought money to father, begging him to buy a teapot like ours (Brittania) for his wife, and tea to brew in it, if Mother would teach her how to make it, all of which was done. A week later, Mother inquired how his wife had succeeded, he replied disgustedly, that she had set the teapot on the coals with too little water in it, and melted off the spout, the very first thing. Indian squaws, he said, were so stupid, it was useless to teach them anything.

On pleasant evenings father would take me down to their camp, and sitting on an upturned keg, (they had no seats) would stand me between his knees, holding the big family Bible before me, and have me read a verse from it,



when he would translate and explain it in Chinook, and so on pausing between each verse to translate and expound it to the whole who squatted around, and listened intently, uttering guttural exclamations of awe and astonishment, both at seeing such a baby read so large a Book, and at the wonderful things it said. They believed every word, and I am sure they received the Gospel like children as the "sincere milk of the Word." The chief and his principal men attended church with us, sometimes at Dr. McBride's house, sometimes at homes of other members again at some school house, and they learned and sang our hymns, and the Chief sometimes prayed aloud with fervor. He was a kind, just, honest man, who tried to have his tribe live up to the Boston man's Bible words.

They called all whites "Bostons" and some of them learned a little English, but would never speak it if they could possibly avoid doing so. They always spoke Chinook to us, and I learned it from hearing father speak it so constantly to our Klickitats.

On other pleasant clear evenings the tribe would gather in our large front yard, and squat around on the grass while father stood on the steps, (the family sitting on the porch) and gave them a talk (in Chinook) pointing to and naming the planets and constellations and all about the sun moon and earth, and in short, telling in simple terms, all we know of their sizes and stupendous distances from us, how they swing in their orbits, never missing a second or a cog in their movements in a thousand years. The poor fellows would groan, rock themselves back and forth, exclaiming "tsuh! tsuh!" and even shed tears. They looked upon father as sort of demi-god (Indeed he so appeared to me, as a child) and they obeyed his slightest behest, with implicit faith in his judgment. Wild Indians are thieves by nature, and being half starved so much of the time, it is no wonder; but we had no trouble of that sort with these Indians; as father gave them work whenever they would accept it, and they could thus earn flour and plenty of potatoes, of which we had marvelous crops of the very finest quality. Moreover they stood in too much awe of him to venture any trespass, for they believed he would know whatever they did, and who did it, wherever he was at the time.

One cold night we heard bitter crying outside, and father drew on his boots, for there was deep snow, and went out to investigate. After some time he returned and told us that he found a Klickitat Indian out there beating his slave, a woman captive from a hostile tribe. They were coming back to camp from some trip, and took the short cut through our premises, (Father having given the tribe permission to do this on condition that they always closed the gates or bars carefully behind them.) The man was riding his pony, and the woman walked leading the pack pony. She let down the bars, and in the darkness failed to see that she had missed the upper bar, so that when she led the pack animal through, it struck the horn of the saddle, and broke it short off. It was for this that the man was beating her. Father said, "I told him white man did not whip women, nor allow it to be done and that if I ever heard of his laying a hand on any woman again, I would break every bone in his body!" The Indian went off badly scared, and the poor woman followed, a good deal comforted that she had found a defender when and where she least expected it.

On a sunny afternoon during our first summer in our new home, Helen and I were playing in the spacious grassy front yard, when suddenly Mother rushed out, caught us both up, and ran frantically in the house, slamming the door behind her. Then putting Helen down, she opened the wooden shutters of a high window, (we had no glass sashes yet) and lifting me up to it, showed me a big fierce looking gray timber wolf standing outside the rail fence, gazing over into our yard. There was no gate, only a stile, steps leading to the top of the fence on one side, and down to the ground on the other, and he was standing just outside that stile. Providentially mother had seen him coming up the road in time to save the life of one, if not both of us. Heavily timbered mountains rose just back of Panther creek, one eighth of a mile south



and west of our house; and we often heard the howling of these large timber wolves, especially when there was snow on the ground, when the hungry beasts would sometimes sneak up to our pens and carry off a young shoat or calf bodily. (a shoat is a young hog) Father ~~now~~ and then succeeded in shooting a wolf or bear; but more often, he put strychnine into pieces of meat which he left in the woods near the stream, where he would later, find one or two dead wolves, for they always made for water the first thing after taking the poison. Father was very fond of hunting and would occasionally take a day off for it. Wild game abounded, and he killed many deer, ducks, grouse, partridges, quails, rabbits and large gray squirrels. Squirrels made a very toothsome potpie, as also did the quails. Mother and we children spent some weary anxious hours looking for his return, when it was too long delayed. However he fortunately, never had an accident away from home, though once I saw his gun burst in his hands as he fired at a strange cat on the peak of the barn roof. He clapped his hands over his eyes, on the instant, and I thought they were blinded, but happily he had had them nearly closed in taking sight, so he escaped with only a scorched face though the rifle was blown into fragments. I was about six years old then.

Another time, when father and mother had gone, both riding on one horse, to a high hill several miles off, for the grand prospect afforded from its summit, (Mother hated to leave us, but he insisted nothing would harm us, and she simply could not refuse him) leaving me with Helen and six months old baby brother Will, for three of four hours, the Chief came, and when I opened the front door, and told him in Chinook where pa and ma had gone, and that they would be home at sunset; he regarded me with amazement; not knowing that I (at 5 1/2 years) could speak Chinook as well as he.

Nothing did befall us. I fed baby his milk when he awakened, and he was good, but I felt a fearful weight of care on my small shoulders; and climbed the tall oak tree many times to see if my parents were in sight, far down the road. I felt no fear whatever of the Indians, only the terrible thought, "What if they never came back; were devoured by wolves or bears" weighed me to the earth.

Though Mother was too lax in her discipline to satisfy Grandmother Adams Goodell (She married mother's father, Deacon Abel Goodell who had lost his wife years before, in 1853 just before they started across the plains for Oregon) she ingrained into every one of us deep convictions of right and wrong, and an ardent, undying love of all Righteousness and Truth. If we were sometimes slow in obeying her behests we never to my clear recollection did any thing she had told us not to do. That was going farther than any of her eight children ever ventured. Forever dear and blessed is the memory of such a mother.

Though retiring domestic, and almost wholly lacking in self-assertion, She was an encyclopedia of information. Never was a character of any prominence in history mentioned that she did not know all about; as a child I observed this, and wondered how it could be! Father, in writing often referred to her for data; and when, though himself an excellent arthoepist he would sometimes call out. "Frances how do you spell so and so?" She invariably responded with the correct spelling. She always employed the time when she had to sit down to nurse her babies, in reading, either a book or paper. We then took the Oregonian and later, when we could at last Eastern get mail once a month, by "pony express", the New York Tribune (Semi-Weekly) and some Galesburg paper, also an occasional number of a large illustrated paper called the "Brother Hohnathan. The walls of all our log houses in those days were papered with newspapers, which I used to climb on chairs to read when I had read everything else. Aunt Elizabeth Dunning's first, home was entirely papered with "Brother Jonathan's" the (to us) beautiful and in-



structive illustrations in which were a source of perennial delight.

Papers then, especially illustrated papers or magazines were hoarded like diamonds, and used to beautify our other wise bare walls. Always a lover of pictures, a framed, colored picture on our sitting room wall of John Baptizing Christ in the river Jordan was enshrined in the very core of my heart, as a child; and ever since, I have read everything on art that ever came my way and good pictures give me keener pleasure than even good music.

My sister Julia, the fourth child, was born August 18, 1853, and Mother has said that the hardest time of her life was when she had four children, none of them old enough to help her much. But now at 8 years, I rocked the baby, and minded the other two children more and more; on dry days took them all out in the spacious yard, or field near by and, while watching the sleeping baby, on a buffalo robe under a tree played picking flowers and otherwise amusing ourselves till dinner (noon) time. For I had learned to tell time by the sun, as well as by the clock. After dinner I again marshalled my little brood, and led and carried them out into God's glorious out-of-doors, leaving mother free to work undisturbed. Her babies were all so normal, and free from nerves that they took long naps in day-time, and never kept her awake nights. All they needed was to be kept clean dry, and regularly fed. She nursed them all herself, and never had to resort to any other food for them, until they had teeth and could be weaned. I learned to do much of the caring for them alone. In fact I almost never was without a baby in my arms until I was married, which was reversing the usual order, as The Lord, did not send us children. We adopted a dear little girl, who has been a constant comfort to us, all these years.

Mother told me that when she was a girl of 18 or 19 a young man named Danial Welles paid his court to her, (Her parents then lived in Nanvoo, Ill.) and came to see her regularly every Sunday afternoon for some time. Her room was in the attic, from which one had to descend a ladder, to reach the living room below. One Sunday the young man came earlier than usual, before she had finished her toilet, and because she was too modest to expose her ankles by going, feet foremost down that ladder, in his presence, she was forced to remain up there until he finally left, offended, believing it an intentional slight on her part. He never returned to her regret.

"Mother!" I exclaimed, "You wouldn't have married him?"

"Well, it is possible I might," He was a pleasant young man, and considered a good match, and I was beginning to think considerable of him." was her laughing reply.

That Daniel Welles afterward joined the Mormons, under Joseph Smith, and later under Brigham Young, went to Utah, and was one of the infamous "twelve apostles" who ruled at Salt Lake, and were responsible for the terrible secret atrocities perpetrated upon "Gentile" emigrants before Utah came under the Federal Territorial Government. Welles was also Mayor of Salt Lake City, for many years. I always shuddered at the very sight of his name which appeared often in the papers in the '50s, considering what my fate would doubtless have been, had he been my father!

Politics to my father was simply patriotism, the best welfare of his country, and he could no more help taking a keen interest in the political affairs of his always ardently beloved Oregon than he could stop breathing. Oregon was then strongly Democratic. the Oregonian, first published in 1850, being the only "whig" (now Republican) paper in the State; and father wrote articles for it, so trenchant with and convincing as to attract State side attention, and also create a greatly increased demand for the paper in which they appeared. So much so that leading men of his party began to write to, and even visit him at our farm home. One of these Judge Matthew P. Deady once spent the night with us, and next morning I discovering his heavy gold watch under his pillow, ran, out to where he was saying his farewells to my parents, preparatory to mounting his horse; and handed him the watch, which, with its heavier gold chain fairly weighed down my small hand and wrist. His manners were most courtly and his bow and thanks in receiving



it made me feel like a little 7 years old queen.

A Mr. Gunn, an Oregonian employe rode 35 miles through mud and rain. that winter on horseback, (there being only the worst of roads between our farm and Portland, then a small village) to get father's "copy".

There was a strong effort, at that time to make Oregon a slave State, and father fought it, with such ability, both of sound logic and stinging invective, that his party leaders offered to purchase a press and printing outfit if he would start and edit a Whig paper, not wishing to injure the Oregonian, he declined, but later he, himself bought the defunct "Spectator" from D. J. Schnebly; and in the spring of 1855, he moved his family to Oregon City, 12 miles south of Portland, published and edited "The Oregon Argus" and as one of his biographers says;

"Through the Argus, with D. W. Craig as his foreman and right-hand man, he over threw all opposition, dismantled their guns, linked the Republican party into shape, and laid the foundation for free Oregon, one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of sovereign States. For this he deserves immortal honors; and we are proud to be able to hand down his name to posterity, through this biography" "Lincoln, who read the Argus, was his admirer as a writer, and six weeks after his inauguration he appointed Adams as collector of Customs for the district of Oregon, his first appointment for that State, for Lincoln proposed to prepare for conquering the Rebellion by removing their treasonable sympathizers, and putting in their place men who would never haul down the Stars and Stripes at the behest of Jefferson Davis."

In 1856 I began work in the printing office, continuing in it two years. My sister Helen joined me there a year later, and continued steadily setting type for a year. Mr Craig our foreman was a scholarly young Kentuckian, but 24 years old, but he was a master of his business and of himself, and he not only efficiently taught us the printer's craft, but chose books for us, and did much to direct our literary tastes. He boarded with us and slept at the office. He continued our loyal and devoted and valued friend, then which none could be truer or dearer, until his death, at 87 years.

At the age of 15, he had a chum of the same age named Clemens, of whom he used to amusedly relate how Sam, an "orney" freckled-faced younger brother of 13, used to annoy them by "tagging" along with them, wherever they went. This same "Sam" Clemens became, in later years the humorist "Mark Twain" of international fame. Mr. Craig asserted that Helen and I were the first females to set type on the Pacific Slope.

I feared that my two year's absence from school would set me irrecoverably back in my classes, but I could never see that it did, and certainly it was an education in itself; so far as the spelling and definition of words, and the correct, clear construction of sentences was concerned.

Father always talked politics with mother, and we children thus kept up in all the political and other live issues of the day; and now, in the printing office, I was right in the midst of the fray. John C. Fremont and James Buchanan were the then Presidentail Nominees, and Buchanan (Democrat) won. Father during the campaign, gave him the name of "The old bread-and-milk poultice that drew the rebellion to a head !"

Oregon then comprised the whole of what is now two States, Oregon and Washington and was under a Federal Territorial Government; its governor then being John P. Gaines one fine specimens of a Kentucky gentleman and a warm friend of my father. Our next brother, Gaines, born June 26, 1856, in Oregon City was named for him.

Dr. Hohn McLoughlin, Factor and head of the Hudson's Bay Co., now lived in Oregon City, and well do I recall seeing his commanding figure, snow white hair benevolent and florid countenance almost daily on the streets. He had, and richly deserved the profound esteem and almost reverent regard of all the American settlers as well as of his own English, Scotch and Indian confreres associates and employes. Dr. McLoughlin's wife was a Canadian Indian princess and she conducted her-



self with dignity, and received from her husband and his associates all the consideration and respect rendered any white lady. To the English and Scotch, color was nothing derogatory. Only rank counted. Dr. Mc Loughlin's once widowed daughter was now married to Danial Harvey, manager of the Willamette Falls mills. I attended an embroidery school with her two beautiful young lady daughters, Maggie and Louise. They both married steamboat officers, white American men, named Wygant and Myrick. Some of the Wygant descendants live in Portland now, also those of the McCrackers, also of the Hudson's Bay Co. W. Carey Johnson, and his brother Frank worked in our composing room and David Thompson, a young surveyor, afterward Surveyor General of Oregon, and a wealthy citizen of Portland Oregon, was often in and out of the office; as also the two Lodey brothers, Joseph and Cyrus, sons of Mother's old professor Lacey, of Knox College, Galesburg Ill. who, with the two Johnson brothers, were exceptionally fine young men friends of their foreman, Mr. Craig.

Whatever their character, all young men frequenters of that composing room had to "toe" a very straight "mark", for Mr. Craig would not even tolerate smoking there; much less any profane, or the slightest degree of off-color language. Not only were they personally distasteful, but he demanded, in the presence of we two little girls of 10 and 12 years, the chivalrous behavior due the finest lady of the land. Being himself a refined cultivated honorable gentleman, he could not and did not tolerate anything low or dishonorable.

As I look back in retrospection I realize more and more, especially in the light of present day society customs, how very fortunate we were in the superior refinement and purity of our early spiritual and mental environment, proving that the best, in that respect, could exist, expand, blossom, and fruit amid the rudest material surroundings.

In 1856, father had a fifteen year old country boy named Henry Markham, as an apprentice. He made his home with us for some months, and was a quiet and well-behaved youth. We children liked him, because he was like a kind big brother to us all. He was very fond of poetry, and taught us some of the verses he knew among which was Hon. Mrs. Norton's well known poem "Bingen on the Rhine." On this he drilled me till I was letter perfect in word and action in it and I remember every word of it today. It takes just five minutes to recite it properly, and often, now, when I want *five* minutes to pass most quickly I repeat "Bingen on the Rhine" to my self. He sometimes spoke of a younger brother Edwin. That brother is now Edwin Markham, the poet author of "The Man with the Hoe" and many other more than meritorious poems.

During the winter of 1856-9 Helen, Will and I attended the Baptist Seminary, and a citizen of Oregon City offered a prize to the pupil in each of the three spelling classes who was oftenest at the head in each class, for 3 months. This was a fair test, since the rule for spelling classes in that school required the head pupil at night to go to the foot daily. Will, aged 6, was in the third class; Helen, aged 10, in the second, and I aged 12, in the first class in spelling. Helen and I won in our classes. Will tied with another older boy in his class.

In the Spring of 1859, Oregon was admitted as a State, and late that summer we moved back to the farm, and the "Argus" was moved to Salem, the capital, in care of Mr. Craig, father continuing, still to write editorials for it. Until 1861, ardently supporting Abraham Lincoln for President. Six weeks after Lincoln's inauguration, he appointed father Collector of Customs for the port of Astoria Oregon. He had seen copies of "The Argus" and, in pursuance of his strong purpose to choose loyal men for public service, in place of traitors to the Government, he fixed on its editor for the collector ship at the mouth of the Columbia river.

Back on the farm in 1859-60 we gladly took up the work again.



Here, in the old log farmhouse, the twins, Arthur and Amy, were born, October 24th, 1860. Father had now started building a new home, on a gentle elevation, not far from the old one; over-looking it, and commanding a noble view of the near valley, the tree-bordered North Yamhill river, blue Cascade mountains, and the three snow clad peaks, Mounts. Hood, Jefferson and Adams towering above them all. It was truly an inspiring prospect. One must indeed be impervious, to live ignobly in constant view of such glorious Handiwork of Almighty God. By the time he was 9 years old, my brother Will chose to work, rather than play. I was then fourteen and, as Sister Helen liked housework, and I did not, mother allowed me to help father and Will in the hay field and elsewhere. By this time we had moved into our fine new home, built on an oak covered knoll, not far from the old house. Our fine old orchard was down there and was never moved. The well at the new houst was 36 feet deep and it also was never-failing, and the water clear, cold, and soft. It was furnished with the inevitable windlass, rope, and iron-bound "oaken bucket" immortalized in verse. Father had named our farm "Glen Avoca" from Moore's poem, "Sweet vale of Avoca how calm could I rest,

In thy bosom of shades, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease.  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.  
There is not, in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

We now had a man and his wife imployed on the farm, and living in the house built by Uncle Sebastian, (my father having bought the place of him) Singularly enough the man's name was Dr. William Adams, though no relation to us whatever. Mrs. Adams made cheese, and that summer mother had me live there and learn how to make cheese of her. Dr. Adams and I milked 25 cows, and I helped made and care for the cheese, and learned also how to make "salt rising" bread. She was a true lady; and from her I learned many valuable lessons beside cheese-making.

In the fall at home Will and I milked 17 cows all that winter (1860-61) and ran for two months the aforesaid "hog-house", where father had 75 hogs fattening for slaughter. He had divided the old house into many compartments, each holding four or five hogs, (They do better if not crowded.) furnished with feeding troughs, with spouts leading from outside into them, (This to avoid lifting heavy pails of feed over the top of the enclosure) In front of our fine old fireplace (such sacrilege!) he installed an immense iron tank capable of holding four or five bushels of turnips, potatoes, carrots, and grain, with a brick fire-box under it. Here he constructed compartments furnished with troughs, and which could accommodate seventy five hogs, to be fattened for the autumn slaughter.

We then had seventeen fresh cows, which Will and I milked alone, going every night to drive home from the pasture such of them as failed to come of themselves. Once, when brother had disabled his right hand, I milked them all for a week, he helping with the calves, and doing everything he could without using his hurt hand. It never occurred to either of us to ask outside help. Being five years his senior, he considered me his equal, (though only a girl) and treated me as a chum heeding my counsel when offered, which was but seldom.

Together, night and morning, for two months he and I went down and fed the warm cooked food in the tank to the hogs. The deafening squeals from the 75 hungry creatures were so terrific the moment we entered, that we faredly flew with the steaming pails until they were all served and pacified; after which we replenished the fire, scrubbed more vegetables (in barrels of water) with old brooms and refilled and covered the tank and left it to cook till the next feeding time, hoeing out the pens once a day. Early in October came slaughtering time, and neighbor men were glad to help in this strenuous work for



a share of the spare ribs, back bone, tongues, livers, hearts, heads and feet, and sausage, which was ground in a machine cutter. We women tried out lard until our whole systems seemed saturated with it. The hams, shoulders and sides, were hung in the "smoke house", where it was now the children's duty to keep a constant smouldering fire (in an iron receptacle) of oak chips and corn cobs. This fire must never be allowed to blaze, nor to die out. The object being to keep it heavily smoking all day long for at least six weeks. Then father loaded the smoked hams, shoulders and bacon, together with the barrels of lard, and the firkins of butter, and the ripened cheeses mother had made for sale into the farm wagon; we girls helped with this, beside minding the babies, and washing dishes; and driving 35 miles to Portland (we had a horse team then) where he disposed of his cargo for between \$300 and \$400 with which he purchased the family groceries and clothing for the following year.

Imagine the excitement with which we hailed his return with barrels of syrup sugar, bags of coffee, boxes of tea, rice etc; beside which there were always some unexpected pleasant surprises. Once he brought some yams, a new potato to us and what gave most happiness was a book "Gulliver's Travels" with its fascinating tales of the Brobdignags, and the Lilliputians. For being an insatiable reader, I had read through our library some of which came in a trunk "Around the Horn" in a sail vessel and were stained with sea water. One of these was "Stories of the Sea" and another being Fox's "Book of Martyrs" with dreadful tales and pictures of the tortures inflicted on Protestants. These were the only stories among them, but there was Rotteck's history of the world; D'Aubigne's history of the Reformation; "Josephus", Shakespeare, Dryden's poems, Thomson's Seasons; Young's Night Thoughts; Moore's poems; Cowper's poems; Pope's translation of Homer's Iliad; Virgil; a large volume of the "British poets" which embraced the poems of Chaucer, Spenser, Burns, Byron, Coleridge, Joanna Bailey, and Scott, many of which I committed to memory and I recall shedding tears at 6 years because our Virgil was in the original, which I could read, but not understand. I must not omit "Ossian"; that master of the wild melody of nature and "The days of Eld". Though in prose form, every sentence her the swing and sweep, and (rhythm of the very sould of poesy

"By the banks of Lulans stream  
I had pierced the bounding roe!"

"Grey at the cavern's mossy mouth was bent the aged form of  
Cloumel."

No poet, in this excels Ossian and the strange sweet music of his tuneful sentences sing in my inner consciousness, even now. Father would often declaim Virgil and translate it for us, evenings to our great entertainment. I can truly assert that we never missed the movies or the theater, or sighed for something more exciting, for he could also improvise stories, all in rhyme, by the hour. I never remember having even a touch of enui in our pioneer days.

Josephus, the Jewish historian though not accepting Jesus Christ as the Diving Messiah, regarded him as an outstanding, and unquestionably authentic personage and gives a fine description of His personal appearance. Says "His eyes were blue, His hair auburn, and His whole Presence most impressive, majestic and serene." It is 70 years since I have seen the books in that old library, but then memory and influence are ineffacable. I read very well from four years upward; but might not have so readily absorbed these mature books (before I was ten years old) had not mother told us stories from them (especially the Bible and Shakespeare) while at her work, for she had as good an intellect as father, had read them all, and wrote meritorious articles and verses of her own.



She had us commit to memory all the Gospels, and The "Acts" as well as the Psalms, Proverbs, Book of Job, and much of Isaiah, Daniel and Revelations, and of course the ten commandments.

If we could not attend meeting on Sundays, she always had us spend an hour, after dinner was eaten and cleared away, studying the Bible. (She explaining it) and singing our favorite hymns. She could not correctly carry any tune, nor could father, though, unconscious of this, they both sang all the hymn tunes of their church. We children used to turn our heads away sometimes, not wishing to hurt their feelings by our irrepressible amusement at the discords they made. All father's brothers and sisters were born singers, and Grandmother Adams Goodell sang like a lark, and all our children had the true ear for sound. We had our Sunday Bible hour out under the trees all summer, and in the "Parlor" in bad weather, always dressed in our clean clothes. We loved that hour; the only hour in the week that mother could give up entirely to us.

About this time (1860) father captured a baby deer whose mother he had shot, and brought it home to us for a pet. We named him Abraham Lincoln and grew very fond of him, and he of us. He loved, and was permitted to spend the evenings before the fireplace with us, and if we at first forgot to admit him, he would come up on the piazza to our low windows, and tap with his little hoof on a pane, untill we went to the door and let him in and petted him, and laughed at his smartness. But he finally grew so large no fence could confine him, and he wrought such devastation in our garden that he had to be shot. We children wept, and refused to eat the venison, though we knew we could not keep him always.

The sandy loam of our creek bottom produced marvellous corn, tomatoes and melons, as well as potatoes, peas, turnips, rutabagas, beets, onions, carrots, beans and squashes of enormous size. There were then none of the destructive imported insect pests we have to fight now, and we were near enough to the Pacific Ocean (27 miles) to rarely need to irrigate. Our mountains, sunny uplands, lovely meadows, and tree-bordered stream were Heavenly beautiful to mother, Helen and me, whose hearts were well-nigh broken, when after 25 years ownership, during which time we always had a goodliving from it, either from renters, or when living on it ourselves, father sold the place to R. R. Thompson, a wealthy capitalist of Portland Or. for \$25,000; \$12,00 cash, and the remainder soon afterward, having paid \$900 for it twenty five years before. I have since often wondered if, in all the more than 40 years since I last saw it, my imagination had clothed it, with idealized charm, but last September 1925 while visiting my two sisters in Portland, Cousin Loring Adams took us all together, his sister, Mrs. Williams, her son Fred and his wife and three children in two automobiles for a day on the old farm. Mr. Thompson's son, who spends his summers there in a pretty modern bungalow, made us warmly welcome, and hospitably tendered us the freedom of the place, so we motored down to the very spot beside Panther creek where we children went with mother on Sunday afternoons for our Bible lessons; and had a picnic dinner there under the maple, willow and alder trees, which have doubled in size, and are even more beautiful than I had remembered them. The mountains west of us reaching to our very feet, part of the Coast Range, looked as high and grand as ever (I expected them to appear dwarfed) and I am now the more firmly convinced that father was right in declaring it a little earthly Eden, the beauty of which was not to be excelled anywhere on the globe. It is twenty-seven miles "as the crow flies" from the Pacific Ocean and our hot summer days were often delightfully cooled by the sea-breeze. We could even hear the surf, in winter, after a heavy storm. The Thompson's sent to England for a steam plow, costing \$12,00, which speedily and effectually eradicated the oak grubs, and now the whole 640 acres is like an English manor estate; with its wide rolling grassy slopes and vales, dotted with noble old Oaks, where not under cultivation.



The old Carey house has long disappeared; and even our once "princely" (so it was designated by Major Frances, Lincoln's old friend, who once, with his wife made us a week's visit) many pillared extensively piassed home destroyed by fire. But the view, the matchless view of the Cascade Range topped by the three cloud monarchs, Hood, Jefferson, and Adams is still there to stay until the Omnipotent sees fit to remove their earthly foundation. That September day (1925) was flawless. The fifty mile drive through the fertile counties of Washington and Yamhill, and the fifty miles home by another route, all paved but 3 miles equal to any in the world, was a continuous chain of entrancing pictures, charming, tree embowered villages, and prosperous farm homes with gorgeous door yards of brilliant autumn bloom; and spacious, opulent orchards laden with their rich fruitage of red green and gold, but words are weak to adequately term it for the mere reader. My memory contrasted the wonderful present with my well remembered vision of the same country, then in a state of wild nature, seventy years back and marvelled at the wondrous development and advancement of civilization, all utterly impossible, save for the energy, courage, perseverance and initiative of a few dauntless men and women who knew no fear or faltering, whose faith in God upheld them in every trial and raised their household altars among savages and wild beasts of the forest, and hewed them homes from the primeval forests.

Nothing occurred to mar the perfection of that memorable, serene September day and we reached our Portland home at 5:30 o'clock with hearts full of glad Thanksgiving. Mine, above all, since I had not hoped ever to see the dear old place again. The younger sisters were glad to leave the farm, when it was sold to Mr. Thompson for the city; but they now often take an auto drive back to their birthplace, and childhood home, and enjoy it greatly. Our youngest sister, Claribel was born in Astoria Oregon, May 30th 1862, and her home is there at the present date.

It was there I met and married my husband, W. W. Parker, who was also a pioneer of 1848, having left New York city for the Pacific Coast in October of that year. He took passage on the first steamship that ever rounded the Horn from New York, arriving in San Francisco early in 1849 when it was buy a city of tents on the sand beach. He had spent his last \$50 in New York for a cask of hardware, which he rolled out of the steamer's hold, on arrival, and auctioned off the contents, shovels, frying pans, dirk knives, every utensil needed in a new country, receiving therefrom \$600. There were but two passengers on that steamer when she left New York, but before she reached the Pacific ocean, gold had been discovered in California, and she was crowded with "Greasers" from Chile and other way ports, when she arrived at San Francisco. Mr. Parker remained in San Francisco till 1852, making \$20,000 in one year keeping a hotel, not withstanding the fact that he paid his cook \$600 a month, and his baker \$400; and also paid \$16 per pound for saleratus; and for other things in proportion.

He was a member of that famous "Vigilante Committe" who, in the absence of courts or any city government, strung up several thugs to lamp posts, when caught in the act of robbery and murder on the streets, in broad daylight. He hated to kill even a chicken, but was ready to help hang a criminal in the interests of public safety. He was also, later, a member of the first council of San Francisco, under its first mayor, Mr. Selby. Lumber was then \$140 per thousand in San Francisco, and in 1852 he went to Astoria and engaged in the lumber business in which he was somewhat experienced, having worked, as a boy in his father's saw mill, in Vermont. He was a graduate of Dartmouth college, in addition to which he took a coupse in the Military academy at Norwich, sleeping literally on a board during the whole of the course.



Following this, he accepted a position in the Lake Superior Copper mines where he remained 2 years and kept a record of the snow fall for one year. It totaled 36 feet! There were veins of copper there so thick and pure that they had then no known means of working it,. Not liking the methods of the company, he concluded to go to the Pacific Coast, although gold was not discovered in California until after he was on his way. He was then 22 years of age and he lived in Oregon all his future life, to his death, at 75 years. Always patriotic and public spirited, he was an ideal citizen, and a kind husband, and genial neighbor and friend. He rests in the Clatsop Pioneer Cemetery where stands the first Presbyterian Church building ever erected and organized in Western Oregon. All our thirty-six and one half years of married life were spent in Astoria, to which he gave his best years, and left an enviable mark on its destiny, also a perfectly clean public and private record. My sister Helen became the wife of John Wesley Johnson, first President for 20 years(?) of the University of Oregon. They had four sons and two daughters. Married early, her first child, Herbert Spencer, was born Oct. 1st 1866, When she was but nineteen years old. Seintly and unselfish in life, she was a model wife and mother, and her "children rise up and call her blessed. Her husband, and he praiseth her" President Johnson, (a Yale graduate) was a stern disciplinarian, but he won the high respect and esteem of his students, who willingly submitted to his severest restrictions, because he as rigorously if not more so enforced them upon the sons of the Regents and men of wealth, as upon those of the poorest, humblest citizen "without fear offavor" "Though dead he yet liveth."

From 1861 to 1865 occurred the Civil war; and as our eastern mails then came across the isthmus, we had details but twice a month. There was a telegraph line across the continent, but it was so often disturbed by Indians, or the elements, that its news was irregular and uncertain. Practically, we on this coast were more cut off from our own Eastern States than was all the rest of the world; but we were none the less keenly interested in the conduct of the war, and anxious to do our part, in whatever method in our power. Our small town of less than 600 inhabitants raised 1,200 dollars for the Sanitary Commission, practically every man woman and child contributing in some way.

Never can I forget the Universal rejoicing over the news of Lee's Surrender; nor the even more universal shock and sorrow at the awful tidings of the assassination of our revered, beloved President Abraham Lincoln. Strong men wept tears of mingled rage and grief; the few so-called "seccionists" were saddened and shamed.

In 1868, while I was in San Francisco, two discharged Federal soldiers the first to reach this coast after the war appeared on the streets one having lost an arm, and the other a leg; and immediately the citizens went wild, embraced them, and seizing their hats, filled them each full of twenty dollar gold pieces. Every passer-by crowding in to cast in his offering. San Francisco then had slightly over 100,000 population and was ardently loyal. In fact ever since the civil war this coast has been strong for equal rights and temperance, though in 1854, a temperance measure introduced in the Territorial Legislature by my husband then a member of Clatsop County, was contemptuously voted to be "thrown under the table"! The territory was democratic then, but the war, and the "Argus" and Oregonian, and northern immigration changed all that permanently, though since too much, and too long-continued power spoils any party, as it does any individual; the sovereign people, whenever graft becomes too flagrant, rise up and change the party in power for its opponent; and vice versa; thus keeping up reasonably fair justice and



general prosperity in our great Republic.

Our old Rose, of blessed memory, the cow who so gallantly bore the yoke with the sole remaining ox, the last 100 miles into Oregon, shared our Oregon City life, for we considered her an indispensable member of our family.

Our home there was on the outskirts of the town; our backyard opening on the East, upon wild timbered country, where she found pasturage, and nights before we acquired a stable she lay beside the "woodpile" at our back door, where the younger children unprotected by the dear old beast, who loved us as much as we did her climbed all over her, lying down; and rode on her back as she stood or walked about. She always came home nights for her bran mash, potato peelings and other vegetable refuse from our table, no small item with our family of father, mother six children and a printer boarder or two. She lived to be twenty-four years old. If a record of all the milk and butter she produced had been kept, the amount would have staggered the believing capacity of the most credulous, for she regularly gave the largest known quantity of the richest milk, ten months of the year, up to the last year of her useful and valuable life. I cannot forbear this loving tribute to her memory—Dear faithful old Rose!